

We pick up the story when the Doctor meets Rev. Matthews, who mistakes him for Josiah. He is also horrified at Ace's modern attire, and gets some ripe modern language from her in reply. A discussion of Josiah's theories ensues, and Matthews observes: 'I should need no blasphemous theories of evolution to effect a change in this young woman. A stout length of rattan would be quite sufficient.'

The Doctor giggles. 'I usually find the flat of the hand does well enough,' he ventures.

'What's he talking about, professor?' asks Ace.

The Doctor looks her warningly in the eye. 'He wants to give you six of the best.' Ace is dumbfounded, knowing she can't protest that this is the civilized twentieth century, not the middle ages. 'These Victorians believe in strict discipline,' continues the Doctor. 'So behave, Eliza!'

We move on to the scene in Part 2 where Mrs Pritchard reprimands Gwendoline for dressing like a 'music hall trollop'. This needs just one amendment. Mrs Pritchard concludes her verbal chastisement by telling the weeping Gwendoline: 'I shall deal with you tomorrow night. You will report to me in the pantry half an hour before dinner.'

Later in Part 2, Ace has been woken by Mrs Grose with a late breakfast. 'You \*were\* a bad girl last night,' says the housekeeper chattily as Ace finishes her cooked meal, 'dressing up like that. But the Doctor has instructed me to look you out some more becoming garments.' She pulls a corset from the closet and stretches it out between her two huge hands. 'Now, when you're ready, dear.'

'No way am I wearing that,' retorts Ace. 'I told the professor...'

Mrs Grose responds with a patience that is just a little too obvious. 'Come along, dear, let's not be silly about it. We must dress like a lady, now, mustn't we?'

The housekeeper's over-reasonable tone only antagonizes Ace. 'I'm not a nice little Victorian lady, swazzbrain. Just bring me back my clothes and then you can bog off!'

That does it. 'Well, I never heard the like!' Mrs Grose reaches out for Ace and pulls her out of bed. She may be fat, but she's stronger than she looks. 'And don't you think I don't know how to deal with naughty girls!' She sits on the bed and turns Ace over her well cushioned lap.

'Oy!' yells Ace. 'Who do you think you are, fatso?'

'If your mother could hear you now she'd thank me for what I'm about to do,' says Mrs Grose. Ace reflects that she's probably right: she never had a good relationship with her mom. The housekeeper gathers up Ace's nightgown from the hem and tucks it up over her waist. Her pink panties stretch tight across the cheeks of her upturned bottom, two vulnerable cotton hillocks facing the ceiling. At least they saw fit not to remove her last modern garment when they put her to bed...

Mrs Grose brings a meaty hand down across the snug seat of Ace's panties with an explosive smack. Ace yelps. Her bottom vibrates, and begins to jiggle as she kicks her legs. Another spank falls, then another: Mrs Grose rains down punishment on the wriggling teenager's panties with grim aplomb. 'And when we've finished the spanking,' she says, 'I'm going to wash your mouth out with soap.' As her bottom grows sorer by the second, Ace wails at the prospect of worse to come.

We move on to Part 3. Redvers watches as Control tries on her Victorian hat. She badly wants to be a ladylike, but she is far from ladylike when the Doctor comes through the door. Redvers listens to the torrent of abuse issuing from her lips, and takes charge of the situation. 'There's only one way you're going to become a lady,' he tells Control as he takes her by the wrist, 'and that is to be brought up properly.' So saying he sits down and takes her across his knee.

'Brought up good and proper already,' insists Control, but Redvers is implacable. He reaches down, takes her Victorian gown and the petticoats beneath, and raises them together in a single movement. Her thighs and bare bottom lie there, framed in white lace, wobbling gently as she starts to struggle. Redvers controls Control with a firm left hand in the small of the back, and brings his right palm slapping down. A red handprint appears across the pink skin. Another joins it, then another, and soon her bottom is bright red and soundly spanked. Control wails as Redvers releases her. As her skirts cascade back into place, she looks in distress from Redvers by the mirror to the Doctor at the door, and takes the only escape route left: the window.

'If she were a real lady,' says the Doctor, 'she'd have known to wear her bloomers.'

'If she were a real lady,' retorts Redvers, 'I wouldn't have been in her boudoir.'

We move onward, and with dinnertime approaching, a nervous Gwendoline knocks on the pantry door, and a maid lets her in. Mrs Pritchard is seated in the middle of the room. She pats her lap imperiously, and Gwendoline obediently places herself across it. The maid lifts the girl's dress and petticoats, exposing her long white bloomers, drawn tight over her bottom and thighs down to the lace and ribbon decoration at the knees. The whole scene has an air of precise formality, which is punctured when Mrs Pritchard begins to spank: Gwendoline yelps uncontrollably and waves her arms and legs, but the slaps continue to land on her quivering bottom. 'No, mama, please stop,' she pleads. In her distress she has mistaken the housekeeper for the mother who usually spansks her, and unwittingly speaks a truth she doesn't know. Mrs Pritchard spansks on, silent and impassive, until she judges the weeping Gwendoline thoroughly punished.

Now we cut to the dining room. The party are filing in, the chairs are set up around the table, and one of them has a large pillow on the seat. Gwendoline, Control and Ace all make for that same chair. Arriving together, they look one another in the eye with barely disguised competitiveness. It only takes Gwendoline a moment to sum up the situation: Ace and Control have both been spanked too, but nobody thought to put out pillows for them. A gesture to a maid resolves the embarrassment, and a similar pillow is placed on the chair next to the Doctor's place. All three girls gingerly lower their smarting bottoms onto the pillows. Part of Ace is grateful, part humiliated that the whole room must now realize what happened to her at Mrs Grose's hands. But mainly she is looking forward to the meal, in the hope that it will get the taste of soap out of her mouth. But then the Doctor tells her not to touch the first course: it's cream of Scotland Yard soup...

On towards the end of the story now, as Gwendoline and her mother realize who they really are, and Gwendoline remembers sending her father to Java. 'Oh mama,' she wails, 'what have I done?'

Lady Pritchard looks sternly at her daughter. 'Gwendoline, my dear, I am sorry that the first act of our joyful reunion must be your punishment. Come with me now to the pantry.'

Gwendoline shakes her head imploringly, but knows her mother will not be denied, and together they make their mournful way downstairs. Lady Pritchard rings for a maid, who instantly appears, then nods Gwendoline towards the table. Resigned to her fate, Gwendoline bends over, and the maid raises the girl's skirt and petticoats, then unfastens her bloomers and pulls them down to her knees. Gwendoline's bare bottom is still pink from her earlier spanking, but Lady Pritchard knows better than to be merciful: spare the rod and spoil the child, she thinks to herself as she takes down the cane from its hook behind the door. The maid moves to the other side of the table and grips Gwendoline's shoulders firmly as Lady Pritchard swishes the cane through the air and advances on her trembling victim.

As she raises the cane high, Light appears behind her and raises his hands. Gwendoline yells as the cane cracks down across her bare bottom, and at that very moment, mother, daughter and maid freeze into immobility. Lady Pritchard's stern countenance, Gwendoline's open-mouthed scream of distress and pain, the cane biting into her round posterior, the maid's stoical expression as she holds her down, all are immortalized in stone.